
LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

C.H. SAVAGE



HUMOR
NUMBER

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APRIL 1936

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The Register

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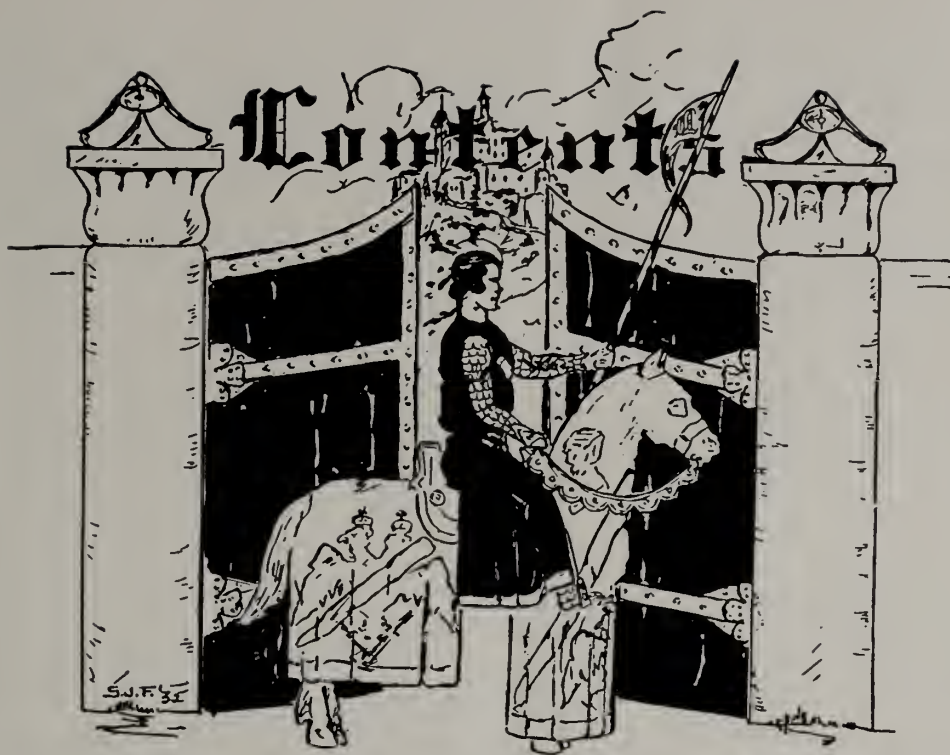
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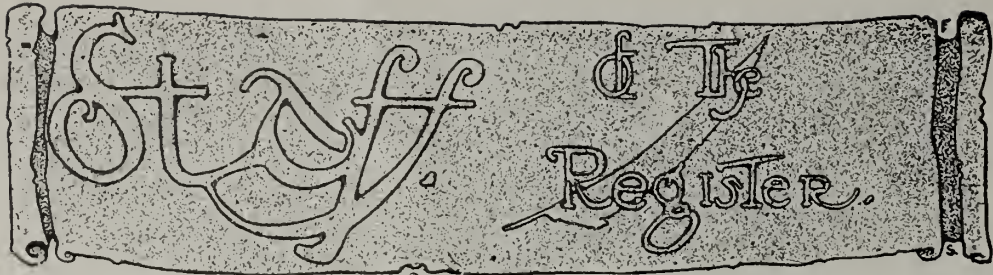
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"Haec in Hoc Libello Continentur"

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THE HUMOR ISSUE!

Yes, this is the Humor Issue!

No, a Humor Issue is not half as funny as it sounds, strictly speaking. And there are numerous unhumorous reasons for that.

The *Register*, in this issue, is not trying to do something which already has been acknowledged by other *Registers* of other years, to be well-nigh

impossible. We realize that there are readers who will not break into violent hysterics at what they read in this issue. That is one of the complexities of human nature. As such, it cannot be dealt with, even by the editors of the *Register*.

Of course, humor itself is a difficult thing to gauge as far as popularity is considered. It is quite true that one brand of wit that will "knock 'em over" in one place may produce only the coldest of silences in another place. But that brings us back to an accepted statement of fact: The success of any type of wit or humor depends upon its audience.

Mind you, therefore, we are not attempting to foist any one type of funniness upon the unsuspecting funnybones of those who read the *Register*. We have, we hope, sufficiently divided our humor in this Humor Issue, so that all may receive, in proportion, at least one gurgle of hilarity from the scriivenings here presented.

Rideamus, si ridere possumus!

A. C.

HAYFOOT! STRAWFOOT!

The time has come for some unflinching, unselfish, unbiased, and unimportant champion of the weak to take his stand in behalf of a much abused and much neglected race, the private of the line. Before we go any further, let one thing be clearly understood. This article is not intended for anyone, be he large or small, stout or thin, blond or brunette, East or West, pro or con, hither or yon—er, er—in short, this article is not intended for any one. That is, it is not intended for any one who dares not face the truth. The truth, mind you! The whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me, because we'll need help. But what shall we need help for? What is this all about? Where were we? Oh, yes, the private. Look at him, gentlemen of the jury. There he strides, plodding his weary way around the school-yard or scuttling along close to the wall of the drill-hall, care and anxiety written on his deep-lined face, a picture of abject despair. Perhaps you have seen him—or you, or you, or I—during the last period of a pleasant spring day, trying in vain to keep in step with the ever-changing pace, harassed and annoyed by his newly commissioned officers.

Perhaps, too, you have seen these officers, resplendent in their shiny drill-caps, head thrown back, stomach thrown in, chest thrown out, running after some new victim, barking meaningless commands, and generally jumping around to keep up with the crisp spring air. To return to the privates, however, I have seen them led off the drill-yard, babbling incoherently about squads left out on the line and dragoons doubly quick about face. I have seen privates marched up and down the drill-yard, back and forth, back and forth, until, at the end of the period, when dismissed, they have wandered back out into the yard and marched up and down, back and forth; or else, they have wandered aimlessly about the corridors, seeking refuge from imaginary officers behind the pictures. In my travels abroad, and in foreign and strange places, especially at the Latin School, I have

seen privates court-martialed for deliberate insubordination to their eighth sergeant. Why, once, I saw a private—a thin, undersized fellow, about six feet two in height, and weighing about 190 pounds—being silently marched up to the captain, surrounded by thirty-six officers, for having in a mutinous moment muttered “Oh, fudge!” Taking pity on the poor chap, who was weeping violently into his drill-hat, I inquired of the captain why they were so harsh on the private, and was jeered and stoned out of the hall for my pains by the thirty-six officers. The only hope for a private, so far as my good eye is able to perceive, is for him to become promoted, through years of endless, diligent toil to the rank of corporal, or, by the grace of his captain, to such a coveted position as sergeant.

Here, however, lies a great difficulty. Let us, by mere supposition, imagine that our humble private has been suddenly and through no fault of his own, be advanced in the army to a corporalecy, to his and to our astonishment. Now, if we are not mistaken, a corporal has under his jurisprudence or imprudence, I don't know which, the huge sum of seven (7) privates. In his eagerness to execute the duties accompanying his rank, the corporal, unmindful of the days when he too—even he—was a private, begins to become—shall we say too efficient? No, let us not say “too efficient.” Let us rather say “over-efficient.” That expresses it so much better. However, he begins to exercise his grain of authority, and before he has time to say “Button, button, who's got the dynamo?” he is a sergeant. Horror of horrors! (We purposely refrain from saying “horribile dictu.” We will not say “horribile dictu”! The phrase “horrible dictu” is worse than hateful to us; it is odious!) This, of course, is worse than corporal punishment, for, after becoming a sergeant, all is lost. Soon he is advanced right up through the eleven stages of sergeantcy until who knows but he might become a lieutenant (first, second, or second second) or even (we whisper it) a captain, which, as you realize, would be disastrous.

Since it is evident, strange as it may seem, that a private is the least of several evils, perhaps, after all, the lowly buck is not so badly off. Perhaps he is not off at all. In fact, he's the sanest of them all. I know! I've been a private for three years!

T. S. Warshaw, '36.

AH YES, THE PUN!

An epigrammatist once said, many years ago, that “the pun is the lowest form of wit”. The present-day psychologist is in perfect accord with him. All other forms of humor usually need a more or less violent brain-storm for creation. The pun is unique. It requires, according to the present-day psychologist, little, if any, severe mental exertion for production; it moves no thought-centres in the brain; it merely pops out from the punster's mouth, and the deed is pun--er--done!

Let us analyze the pun. Better still, let us consider its promulgator—the punster. He is a creature indeed to be shunned. But he does not make himself known until it is too late, and he has struck down another victim.

You will be walking, let us say, along the boulevard, any boulevard. Accompanying you will be a friend of yours. If he is a punster, he will say to you quite innocently, "Say, Ike (let us say your name is Ike)—say, Ike, (he will speak somewhat softly as he says it)—say, Ike, I think I need a shave."

You will look at your friend somewhat astonishedly and notice wordlessly that, to all appearances, he does not need a shave. A look of pure and simple friendship will flit across your unsuspecting countenance. You will scratch your head and gently lacerate your left nostril. "Hmm, Joe (let us say his name is Joe)—hmm, Joe (as you impart this profound piece of intelligence to him, he will smile wickedly)—hmm, Joe, tell me something. How do you know you need a shave?"

Your friend will look at you and a leer of ineffable contempt will crease his double chin. You have laid yourself wide open for the blow; he knows it, though you do not. Like a garter snake, he will pounce upon you. "Well," your friend will say, "well, a little *beard* told me! Beard! Bird! Bird! Beard! Catch on? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The blow has been struck! You will be stunned for about three and three-fourths seconds, and then your sensitive nature will assert itself. If you are normal, and have been previously untouched by the efforts of a punster, a cry of intense pain and anguish will issue from your mouth, and your left nostril will swell convulsively. Then a grimace of nausea will possess you, and you will give a meaningless horse-laugh, intended to convey disgust. . . . But from then on, you will look at any and all punsters with the jaundiced eye of experience. You will be doubly alert—*wary wary*, as it were.

Speaking seriously after our little humorous (heh, heh!) interlude, the mechanics of the pun is simple.

Usually, a punster concerns himself only with *répatee*. He will take advantage of accidental situations. But the fellow mentioned in the first five paragraphs is the type of player-on-words who is too impatient to wait for situations to arise. He has sunk so low that he must actually create his situations.

At any rate, the usual punster creates his monstrosities thus. When he hears a word, his brain, automatically, refers to its memory department for a word or words heard before that resemble, in some way or another, the word now heard. When the memory department has looked up the word in its files, it will immediately send a *rush* bulletin down to the punster's larynx. Once there, the deed is done. That's all there is to it.

With the passing in the very near future of the gag and the simon-pure witticism (as will undoubtedly happen because of the rapidly increasing demands of the stage, screen and radio) the jester will turn (in fact he has already turned) to the pun and the low-class epigram for his material. It means a new era of humor for a long-suffering humanity.

A. C.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE STUDENTS' LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT

Having conducted a careful and exhaustive survey of conditions throughout the school, and carefully analyzed the alarming situation which has been found to exist, the Executive Board of the Students' League for Social Improvement at the Public Latin School offers the following suggestions for the consideration of the authorities:

I. We respectfully ask that the present Class VI be sent back whence it came, and a noiseless class be provided in its place. Too long have we listened to the blood-curdling noises of various types emanating from the vocal organs of the Class in question. If the authorities do not feel that this request can be granted, we suggest that red ear-laps be provided for the relief of the tired auricular organs of the rest of the school.

II. It seems to the members of this worthy board that an endless amount of time and energy might be saved in the emptying of waste baskets between 12:30 and 1 o'clock if the members of the janitorial staff were provided with stream-line cars in place of the obsolete type of canvas basket now employed.

III. The Executive Board further suggests that locks be placed on all doors leading into the stairwells and that certain of the more favored teachers be provided with keys to these locks, the only stipulation being that the doors must be kept unlocked at all times. To offset the great privilege which this provision would grant these faculty members, the Board merely asks that the student body be given keys to the elevators, and the right to use aforesaid elevators at all times, a right which the Board feels has too long been unjustly withheld.

IV. After some consideration, the Board has decided that tests and examinations of all kinds are unfair and should be abolished. (*Note—The Board doubts if this demand will be granted. In fact, we are practically certain that it will not.*)

V. The Board respectfully offers the following suggestion: Instead of presenting members of the student body who enter the sacred portals after 9 A. M. with "late slips," which are nothing more or less than about one quarter of one of last year's football tickets, we suggest that each late-comer be presented with a ticket to one of next year's games, said ticket to be whole, entire, and unblemished. We are of the opinion that this suggestion, if carried out, would serve to increase the membership of that great organization which plays so important a part in the extra-curricular activities of the school, the Detention Society.

VI. Our next suggestion concerns a rather delicate subject, but one which the Board considers to be of primary importance. We respectfully suggest that each member of the faculty be presented with a recent edition of some good joke book or other, to replace the tattered and antiquated volumes which many of the masters appear to be using at the present time. The Board believes that the carrying out of this suggestion would result in the removal of some of the torture which students are daily forced to endure while listening to feeble jokes of ancient vintage. We also suggest that

masters be supplied with cards on which the word LAUGHTER is to be inscribed in large letters and heavy type. These cards are to be exhibited to classes at that point in a story where an outburst of laughter is desired. This plan would, we believe, relieve many a class and individual of embarrassing moments.

VII. We suggest that sirens be attached to the room telephones in place of the buzzers now in use, so that nervous masters need not in the future annoy their classes by demanding silence and rushing to the phone each time a piece of the furniture squeaks.

VIII. We suggest that the dying Gaul in the library be put out of his misery and handed over to the chemistry department to be embalmed.

IX. We suggest that masters who are inclined to be too liberal in the distribution of misdemeanor marks be provided with cowbells to be worn about their necks, in order that classes may have some means of protection from ambush or secret attacks.

X. We suggest that the stalwart soldiers who so valiantly guard the corridors between 12:30 and 1 o'clock be provided with hobby horses.

XI. We suggest that upholstered chairs, radios, and ash-trays be placed in Cell 212 for the benefit of the miserable wretches who are imprisoned therein after 2:30 on various and sundry afternoons.

XII. We suggest that a system of School Saving Time (S.S.T.) be inaugurated. The proposed plan is simple and easily understood. The members of the Board are rather doubtful, however, as to whether they can secure its adoption. (This is true of several other points in our program, also.) The plan, briefly stated, is as follows:

At 9:01 A.M. regular time, all clocks within the school building would be pushed ahead to read 12:27 P.M. Therefor, 9:01 A.M., E.S.T., would be known as 12:27 P.M., S.S.T. At 1:01 P.M., S.S.T., all clocks would be pushed ahead to read 2:30 P.M., S.S.T. As soon as the last boy has left the school premises, the clocks would be pushed back so as to give the correct time according to the regular Standard or Daylight Saving system. This procedure would eliminate many superfluous functions of the school day. However, those events which usually take place at 12:27 and 2:30 would be continued as usual.

XIII. The Board further suggests that masters be instructed to limit their remarks on the fourth page of report cards to such general subjects as the weather and the Italo-Ethiopian War.

XIV. We also feel that immense relief might be afforded the stricken blue ink industry if passing marks were written in red ink, and failures duly recorded in blue ink. It is but just in the opinion of the Board, to allow those manufacturers who specialize in red ink to retire on the vast profits they have amassed in past years at the expense of the equanimity of Latin School students. This plan would also make report cards far less conspicuous.

XV. The Board suggests that all boys be provided with a neatly bound volume containing an ironclad excuse for any and all exigencies which may arise in the course of a school day.

XVI. The board suggests that, for the sake of the general welfare and

benefit of the school, the foregoing fifteen propositions be placed in a sealed envelope and handed over to the custodian to be burned, as they doubtless would be in any event.

Signed, PHILANDER PHLUNK, Chairman.
Executive Board of the Students' League for Social Improvement.
J. Harry Lynch, '36.

DOGS DISLIKE WATER

Once upon a time I disliked dogs. That is, of course, all changed now. Now I fondle lovingly all canines from a Chihuahua to a Great Dane. However, once I had what learned people call a "fixation." The "fixation" was not confined to me; it seemed to extend even to the dogs.

Once there occurred an incident which did nothing to arouse any great love of canines in my breast—an incident at which I laugh now (Heh, heh!), but which then had a different aspect.

Once upon a time I was walking along the silvery sands of a New Hampshire beach. The little sandpipers were industriously doing nothing—the sun was rising from the chilly sea as if glad to get out of the wet—the seagulls were raucously considering the assembled seaweed—and the water was squishing soggly in my sneakers.

Suddenly (people like me always see things suddenly) I saw a small furry head breasting the waves some distance out. With a sudden intuition that would do credit to a Sherlock Holmes, I recognized it as a dog. That a dog should ever be in the water was an entirely new thought to me. It flashed across my brain cells that a dog is out of place in the Aqua Pura. Obviously the dog was drowning. It probably served it right—but then . . .

A fierce burning zeal that would do credit to the most succulent early Christian martyr about to be thrown

to a hungry, but discriminating lion agitated me to the depths of my tonsils. Now a dog on land was a species I disliked, but this dog was in the water; therefore he couldn't bite me—and it wasn't a very big dog, either—and I probably would get my name in the papers.

I jumped in and swam towards it. My style of swimming is based on the somewhat novel theory that the more water displaced, the faster you go. The dog turned the whites of his eyes toward me and edged away. I tried to swim in a circle round him. He paddled away in a perturbed, though dignified, manner. His subsequent actions became downright silly. He was swimming briskly in the general direction of England. After a while I got him headed toward shore again. His actions became decidedly eccentric again.

All things must end, however. In a few minutes I got behind him and splashed him up onto the shore, as it were. He crawled out and shook his coat, eyeing me meanwhile with an aggrieved and peevish expression. I didn't notice. I was rather puffed up by my exploit and considered myself somewhat of a hero. I felt even magnanimous towards good old doggie.

I bent down to pat his dear little head. And then I straightened up suddenly, with my heart beginning to fill with the old loathing.

It was a water spaniel . . .

D. P. Kenefick, '39

OMELETTE, PRINCE OF HAMBURG

by T. S. Warshaw

The Cast:

Omelette: He may have been mad, but he was a good egg.

Codius: Whenever he's around, there's something fishy.

Bolouius: No matter how you stab him, he's still Bolonius.

Oatmealia: A little bit light, but necessary for the serial.

Horadisho: He was a good fellow, too.

The Ghost of King Omelette: The departed spirit of the younger Omelette's father — also a good egg — once.

* * * *

Act I

Mustard-on-the-Frankfort

(In the foreground — replete with swaying trees, beautiful flowers, and cigar stubs—can be seen several well-dressed ghosts—some dancing the minuet and still others just dancing (the minuet). As a matter of fact, they are all dancing the minuet. Suddenly, into the midst of the terpsichorean apparitions, a gigantic figure with a huge red beard comes riding up on a white charger, known as a spook plug. Rearing up on his hind legs, the horse comes to a violent stop, drops his teeth, and is wheeled off the stage. The figure, jumping to the ground, waves his arms in stair-like formation, and—)

Ghost: Disperse, ye revelers! I am the ghost of King Omelette, Prince of Hamburg, Munchen, and Essen, Heir Apparent and Knight of the White Tower, Count of Ichweissnichtwo, and the Archduke Thanximilian. Avaunt! Go to! Avaunt to be alone! *(They quit his sight; can you blame*

them?) Ah me, how the times have changed. What hath happened to the Hamburg of yesteryear? Are they serving it today? Who knoweth? Ah, who knoweth? *(Ah, who careth?)* But hark! Who is that who is that bold as to intrude into the meditations of the spirit of Omelette? Stand! Who art thou?

Voice: Hello, pater! Don't you recognize me? I am your dear son Omelette, disguised as a poached egg. Look at me! Look at my face! Isn't it familiar to you?

Ghost: We-ll, yes; but I'm not sure. It seems rather white. Why is that?

Omelette, Jr. *(really the principal character in the play, but thus called for the sake of clarity.)* Oh, that! I simply washed my face. But it really is I. Look at my teeth. It is I! Father!

Ghost: Son! *(They rush at each other, shake hands, embrace, and are soon engaged in a very exciting wrestling match, which the younger Omelette easily wins with three straight falls. Finally rising, they take their showers, eat a light lunch, and—)* But what are you doing here, in the realm of the spirits? What un-earthly cause has brought you here to my kingdom? In short, what do you want?

Omelette: Pray be seated, and let me state my errand. *(The elder Omelette throws himself feet foremost onto the top of a weeping willow tree, produces from his travelling bag a cake of soap and some printer's pi, and begins to eat. This, as those who indulge in spirits well know, is a sign that it will either rain on the morrow, or that it rained the day before. It*

really makes no difference, however, for we know that it is the reign of King Omelette.) After your departure from the earth, our base kinsman, Codius, usurped the throne and married my mother. This was a mistake, as you know; so I forgave him. But when he took advantage of my absence at Essen-Essen and purloined my velocipede, my nice, new shiny, four-wheel, eight-cylinder, streamlined velocipede, with bath and running hot water, my heart was broken! Ah villain! Ah despot! Ah wilderness! To steal my vehicle, my dear, dear vehicle, which you gave me on my twenty-seventh birthday. It was my best gift from you. It was my last gift from you. In fact, it was my only gift from you. Was ever tyrant so cruel? But what shall I do? How shall I regain my lost velocipede? What—! Ah, he has vanished! I knew I could depend on him for guidance in my affliction.

(Exit)

* * * *

Act II

Scene: The Same

(We see King Codius—real name Kap Codius, but shortened to Codius for the sake of brevity, convenience, and taste—riding pell-mell, helter-skelter, harry-carry about the castle courtyard on a brilliant green tricycle. He is followed, at a respectful distance, of course, by his prime minister, court jester, and second lieutenant, Bolonius.)

Codius: What ho! Avast! Forsooth! Wahoo! What a swell bike! Gee whiz! It's better than all get-out!

Bolonius: Right, your majesty. (Goes out.)

Bolonius (Who has come in again): Isn't it, though?

Codius: Yes. (Comes to a halt,

shifts to neutral, weighs anchor, and alights.) But tell me, how did Omelette take his loss?

Bolonius: He didn't take it. You did.

Codius: Oh, yes, so I did. But how does he feel without his private conveyance?

Bolonius: Why, he feels mad about it. To tell the truth, he is mad. He goes about as a poached egg on toast, singing "The Sidewalks of New York." He shows evidences, however, of discontinuing his love for my daughter Oatmeal, who, as you know, is a bit thick. This is the only sane thing he has done, though.

Codius: Well, what I mean is, is he put out about his loss?

Bolonius: Not yet, your highness, but just say the word, and I'll be glad to put him out.

Codius: Oh, no! Nothing like that! Just because I killed his father, married his mother, usurped the throne, and stole his tricycle, is no reason why I should stoop so low as to have him put out. No. Just give him enough rope, and let him jump. But what is he doing now?

Bolonius: He's eating his lunch at the hotel. They've just put the barrels out.

Codius: Good. (He climbs back onto the velocipede, and placing Bolonius gingerly between the spokes of the front wheel, he rides away into the night. In case you don't know it, night has fallen during their dark conversation.)

* * * *

Enter Omelette

(We don't know wherein he enters, or whence, just that he enters. If you don't care for the term Enter Omelette, how would you like Omelette enters, or Omelette Comes In, or just

plain Omelette. Or perhaps you would like our Ham and Egg Special, or Oysters on the Half Shell.)

Omelette: 'Twere well done if 'twere done now, else it will get burnt. Ho-hum, I must maintain my insane appearance until I can regain my velocipede. I'll practice some high-class nonsense now:

When cinders last in the railroad bloomed,

The spittoons come on little cat feet;
And under a spreading Fedora,
The village half-wit stands.

Before I know it, I'll be a full-fledged idiot,

But hark! Here comes Oatmeal.

Enter Omelette

Oatmeal (breathing hard): Omelette, old thing, where have you been?

Omelette: I've been working on the railroad, down by the old mill stream. For it's yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of ink, fifteen men on a dead man's chest!

Oatmeal (aghast): What's this?

Omelette: This is the way we go to town, go to town, go to town. In the spring a young man's fancy.

Oatmeal: Alas! He's mad! Omelette, Omelette, don't you know me, I'm afraid?

Omelette: I must go now. I hear the angels singing. Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

(Exit)

* * * *

Act III. The Castle

(Omelette can be seen, if one bothers to look, pacing up and down the elegant lobby, muttering to himself and to the world in general. We cannot hear what he is mumbling to himself, but what he is muttering to the world in general sounds something like the following):

Omelette: Mm! Grr! Skmb!f! Lzzz! Pow? Nuzt! And it comes out here!

(Suddenly our eye is caught by a figure darting from tree to tree until it stops behind a dark purple velvet portiere, which conceals him from Omelette, but which, by a bit of dramatic irony or light sarcasm or something, doesn't shield him at all from the audience's eagle eye. Glueing his ear to the curtain, he sits down and meditates).

Bolonus: Hm! Well! I have instructed Oatmeal to engage this prince of ours in conversation, to determine whether he knows what is what, and why. Hm! Ah, here she comes now!

(Oatmeal is just rounding the corner on two wheels, with whistles blowing, and streamers flying. She scuttles up close to Omelette, and kicks him violently but strategically in the shins.)

Oatmeal: Omelette, my dear Omelette, it is I, your friend Oatmeal. What is the matter with you? What have you been doing?

Omelette (weakly): Out of the frying pan, into the fire. Have you never seen an Omelette do that before?

Oatmeal: What do you mean?

Omelette: This: I am not mad. I am just a little annoyed at having my velocipede stolen. I *(A noise, which sounds like an ash-wagon going up-hill, but which is only Bolonus gasping behind the portiere, puts Omelette on his guard for the moment)* What was that?

Oatmeal: Ah, that was nothing; just mice.

Omelette: As I was so rudely saying before I was interrupted, I am merely planning to get my tricycle back again, and . . . *(Again a queer noise, which could be taken for a crocodile yawning indiscriminately, but*

this time Omelette springs to the curtain, draws his rapier and pulling aside the drape, shoots Bolonius again and again in the time-honored fashion.)

Omelette: It is written in jade that on him who meddles with an Omelette is the yoke. You see, my dear Oatmealia—why, she has swooned. Well, I see no other course. *(Again he draws his sword and stabs her with it gently but firmly).* Alas, poor Oatmealia, I knew her well.

(Exit)

* * * *

Act IV.

Scene: Anywhere you Please

(Enter Omelette, with whom you, perhaps are acquainted by now, and his staunch friend Horadisho. Omelette is carrying a strange affair resembling a golf-bag. The only way to describe it is to recall to the reader the picture of a lictor with fasces, which everyone has at one time or another seen but never understood. Well, this is nothing like it.)

Horadisho: So the king has summoned you to court, eh? What for, speeding?

Omelette: Oh, no, he is trying to send me away to Kartoffelsalat, so that he may use my velocipede without fear of interference. But I have come prepared. Hush! We are entering his court.

(Codium, surrounded by his court, is seated on the velocipede, mending his crown and eating peanut shells.)

Codium: How! Nephew Omelette, welcome. You too, Horadisho.

Omelette: How!

Horadisho: How!

Court (in unison): And how! *(All bow low, so low that they fall over and succumb to sleep. They awaken*

the next day, and the court proceedings proceed.)

Codium: My dear prince, I have secured for you a one-way ticket to the University at Pinsk, near Minsk. You will leave immediately, if not sooner.

Omelette: But I don't want to go away, your majesty. I wish to stay with you.

Codium: Nay, I command that you go. In plain, everyday Cantonese, git.

Omelette: I refuse. But put it to a vote, and make it legal; then maybe I'll go.

Codium: Impossible! That would be incongruous.

Omelette: Fine! Many votes are cast incongruous.

Codium: I will not hear of it. Policeman! Arrest that man! Omelette shall be burnt at the *steak*! Now will you go, dear nephew?

Omelette: No, never! *(Quick as a flash, he bends down, unwraps the queer package he has brought with him, raises it, examines it, and aims it. All this takes place in a split second. It had to be split so that he would have plenty of time to do all this. But what is this queer object, you ask? Oh, you didn't ask? Well, I'll tell you anyway. It is—horrors!—a machine gun).* Steal my velocipede will you? Ha! *(The rat-tat-tat of the machine gun is heard for the next few hours. If you don't care to hear it, ask for your money back at the box-office, and "try and get it." After all have been killed, Omelette, with a cry of joy, jumps on his tricycle and rides away to join the six-day bike race sponsored by the Populist party in Alaska.)*

Curtain

THE DRAMA, THE CINEMA, AND THE MUSEUM

A. Carpingrit Icke, '46

It was our inestimable privilege, some time ago, to see, from the middle of the twenty-seventh row, a preview of the third chapter of that rip-snorting serial, "Tim Tyler of the Mounted with Annette, Queen of the Wild Zebras." There is something entirely new in this epic of the screen, something entirely different from anything we've ever seen before. "Tim Tyler, etc., etc., etc.," is a sensation, to speak mildly. It is colossal, stupendous, magnificent! While viewing it, there slowly arose in our hard-boiled breast a feeling akin to that experienced after having watched that film extravaganza, "Susie of the Pickle Works." We cannot fully describe its vivid characterizations; it possesses an indefinable characteristic of chauvinistic balderdash! It has an indefinable something that pierces one to the core—ay, the very core. We were astonished to find, in spite of ourselves, drops of water flowing down our cheeks and bathing our persons knee-deep in water. Nor is this surprising. It was raining outside, and the roof leaked! But, anyway, don't miss it!

* * * *

The new art exhibit at the museum is art at its best. The current exhibit deals with the works of Ignatz El Greco Shagog, new sensation of the art world. Shagog, we assert, has the rudiments of a very fine brush, but it will need at least two hundred years of experience before it approaches our standards. The peculiar and arresting quality of the exhibit is this, however: Mr. Shagog's colors were obtained by the simple process of mixing six and one-half bowls of very stale paint and throwing the mixture

in the general direction of the canvas. The result is remarkable. This is art! This is life! This is reality! Ah-h-h-h! There is this, too, to be remembered: Shagog's works are full of meaning. They have dual, triple, yea, quadruple interpretations. For instance, one of his paintings is titled "Ham on Rye". Turn it upside down, and you have "Ham on Eggs". Tip it at left angles and you have "Pastromi on a Roll." Where else may such virtuosity be found? Where else? See Shagog and see the light!

* * * *

Saturday afternoon, we were privileged to listen to a most enjoyable radio program: the performance of "Il Trovatore" by the San Francisco Glee Club, under the direction of one Mark Smithsky. Two tubes were missing from our radio, and there was no aerial; but it was evident to us that Mr. Smithsky places undue emphasis on the fifth violin, and that the sixteenth note of the thirty-seventh measure was not sufficiently played up by the second piano. It is to be hoped that Mr. Smithsky will improve these glaring weaknesses in his direction of the orchestra. The singing itself was not especially outstanding. We believe that "Il Trovatore" should not be sung in Italian, the language in which it was composed, but rather in medieval Sanskrit inflected with the hieroglyphic method. At any rate, there is an element of staid conservatism to be reckoned with, before really constructive criticism can be made. Let it suffice that the San Francisco Glee Club should move to Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Arthur Cantor, '36



It seems rather incredible that a certain series of American novels should have taken hold so completely not only of our own country's readers, but even of the book-lovers in the United States. But it has been attested as true by a straw-vote that an average of 3.1416 books of this set are sold monthly. There must be a reason for this condition. In fact there is a reason. It is this: an average of 3.1416 people buy these books monthly. Perhaps you are wondering (if you haven't already guessed, and if you're still on this page, which we doubt) just what series of books we are talking about. We mean none other than those ultra-ultra, super-super, hyper-hyper, umpa-umpa modern novels, those sagas of colorful American life, those magnificent tributes to the youth of yesterday, today, tomorrow, and the third Tuesday in each week, the Horatio Alger books.

In reading these volumes, which we did avidly, over a period of twelve and one-half years, we were startled by the stark realism; the pointed, direct logic; and a certain fascinating *savoir-faire*, not to mention a definite *bonhomie* oozing, simply oozing from each syllable. Indeed, we were

more than startled — we were overcome. But after awakening, we continued on in our task until we dropped from exhaustion and from our chair. However, in this series is a variety of elements which we are sure are not to be found in any other. We found pathos, bathos, epigrams, diagrams, centigrams, platitudes, longitudes, latitudes, meridians, and an advertisement at the back of the book which was most engrossing. Just to give you an idea of the grip which these novels can exert on one, let us quote a passage from the book entitled "Do and Dare."

"Come along, Melville," said the Colonel, "you and your friend must join us."

"Please excuse me, Colonel," answered Melville. "I would prefer not to drink."

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders and beckoned Herbert.

"You can come, anyway; your health won't prevent."

"Thank you," said Herbert; "I won't object to a glass of sarsaparilla."

"Sarsaparilla!" repeated the Colonel, in amazement. "What's that?"

"We don't keep no medicine," growled the landlord.

"Have you root beer?" asked Herbert.

"What do you take me for — an herb doctor?" said the landlord contemptuously. "Whiskey's good enough for any man."

"I hope you'll excuse me, then," said Herbert. "I am not used to any strong drinks."

"How old are you?" asked the Colonel.

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen years old and don't drink whiskey! My young friend, your education has been sadly neglected."

But why go further? Why seek a more perfect example of inspired writing? In fact, why read it at all? The author of the Horatio Alger series, Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., has given us a new insight into American youth, and has created a new type of character which marks his works. Another feature, which is characteristic of all Horatio Alger books, is the fact that the first fifty pages or so are missing, probably due to your little brother's playful nature. It is so much better to start in abruptly, not knowing where you are, or what it's all about, don't you think so? And if you don't, what of it? But these books are a real contribution to the literary world, and if read in the proper mood, and seasoned with Worcestershire sauce, are certainly food for even the deepest thought.

* * * *

No valuable review of modern books would be complete these days without even the briefest mention of that much talked of book of verse (it is a book of verse, isn't it?) "Robin Hood." This magnificent piece of lit-

erature is not to be confused with the novel of a decade ago, entitled "Who Killed Cock-Robin?" or "Lost in a Gold-Fish Bowl," which won world-wide fame and the Ignoble Prize in 1900. "Robin Hood," if we are not mistaken, is the story of a young man clad in Lincoln green, who sells his cow for a plate of beans; when he brings home the beans and is scolded by his mother, he eats some of the beans, spills the rest out the window, and his funeral takes place the following day. It is too touching! We are choked even at the memories it brings; we are strangled! We are drawn and quartered! We are shot at sunrise! We—where were we? Oh, yes, about "Robin Hood." Here is a book for every one: men, women, children; boys, girls, adults, and even grown-ups. It is very easy to read, since you cannot see the type, and therefore you are finished with the 3500-odd pages in practically no time.

We regret that we have no passage from "Robin Hood" to offer our eager readers, but—well, the fact is, we couldn't pay the last installment on the book. But wait! Hide that disappointed frown! In the throes of deep emotion, and under the influence of-of emotion, we composed this modest bit of verse, which we present, for the first time anywhere, with many a blush. Here it is:

Robin Hood, ah, Robin Hood!

Ah, Robin Hood, ah!

Hunting in the leafy wood;

Some fun, eh? Bah!

You shoot an arrow into the air,

It falls to earth I know not where,

But do you think I greatly care?

Don't bother me!

Thayer S. Warshaw, '36

RENASCENCE for RENASCENCE
or
NEVER YOU MIND

All I could see from where I sat
Was three apartments and a flat.
I turned and looked the other way
And saw the mud-scows in the bay.
So on my back I now recline
And gaze at washing on the line.
And all I saw from where I sat
Was three apartments and a flat.
I screamed, and lo! Infinity
Came down and settled over me.
And all at once things seemed so small
My breath came short and scarce at
all.

My breath came short and scarce at
all—
Pink pachyderms danced on the wall.
I saw and heard and knew at last
The how and why of all things, past.
I thought—and I suppose it's impu-
dent—
That just then I was the Omnipotent.
And then I found, to my disgust,
The sad results of greed and lust.
The job was much too hard for me.
So I am glad that all I be
Is only staid and finite me,
Not he.

Jim Dowd

MENDING DESK COVERS

Something there is that doesn't love
a desk,
That covers it with inky hiero-
glyphics,
And cuts strange symbols in its
wood;
And loses it stealthily from its hinges.
The usual accident is another thing:
A friendly scuffle and a sudden
thrust,
Then the rending crash followed by
scared silence;

Still we must scrap at recess to relieve
our
Jangled nerves. The marks, I mean.
No one has seen them made or heard
them made,
But during home-room time we find
them there.
Something there is that doesn't love
a desk,
That wants it gone. I could say
"Elves",
But it's not elves exactly

R. A. R., '36

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SELF-MADE MAN

or
The Horrors of Unskilled Labor

(Those of you who can read are probably aware that the book marts have been flooded, of late years, with biography of every degree of literary value ranging from .00% to .01%. The subjects are also varied, including Rasputin and Ghandi, the Dion-

nes, and Mickey Mouse. With this situation in mind, I submit the following to your disapproval, allowing you to place it in whatsoever category seems most advisable.)

Chapter 1. I was born, dear reader, at a very tender age, and on a date

which, strangely enough, coincides with the anniversary of my last birthday. How time flies! But to the point. Since the memorable day of which I speak, I have been aging slowly, and increasing in height, breadth, and thickness, especially the latter. Retaining no recollection of ever having been intentionally dropped, the point of whether I was or was not a bouncing babe, must be forever moot. Root-a-toot!

Chapter 2. When next I am heard of it is twelve years later. Again, *wie le temps fugit!* For being thus heard, I received two misdemeanor marks. As you may have surmised, you (a) cute thing, my footsteps had been (mis)guided to the sacrosanct portals of B. L. S. During this preliminary period of my Latin School career, I modestly submit that I had one undying claim to fame. There was in me an irresistible penchant for accruing great sums of misdemeanor marks; the total aggregate of which in my first two years (if I can trust my questionable memory to grope in that far-distant, dim, murky past) was in

the approximate vicinity of one hundred and sixty-two. To my knowledge, that enviable record has never been broken. (A boy, Scychtz by name, received one hundred and fifty-nine in the year of the Johnstown flood, two years previous to my entering the school.)

Chapter 3. To skip rapidly over the intervening years, too many to mention, I now find myself an exalted senior which is short for saying that I can flunk physics and still pass for the year—provided I pass three Class I subjects, have 950 points for the year, 15 points in units, 1300 points total for the year, 27 points in points, 4,000,067 points aggregate, a letter from my Congressman, and a little old-fashioned “drag”.

This being an important chapter in my life, I am now devoting a second paragraph to it. To be a senior is really something — not much, but something. It is, in fine, the stage of delirium tremens, during which such drivels as this is prone to spurt from your pen. For further information, telephone.

Wilbur Doctor, '36

MORE INVENTIONS FOR PREVENTING SKULL-SWEAT

In a recent issue of the *Register* appeared a series of inventions, designed mainly for the postponing of examinations. For the benefit of the uninformed, three of these inventions caused the teacher to leave immediately, or forget his original purpose. Because of pressure applied by my own instructors (who evidently fear the machines), I have been forced to abandon the construction of them, and I have persuaded my friend H—, the inventor of the drooblesquipper,

which causes mental deficiency, to destroy his machine, as it causes permanent injury to the mental balance of the victim. Therefore, without these aids, there are but two courses open, one of which I have called the “Student’s Friend.” In appearance it is but an ordinary fountain pen, but “therein lies the rub”—*heh-heh!* Actually, it is a camouflaged transeiver—a combined receiving and transmitting radio set.

When the cap (A) is unscrewed and

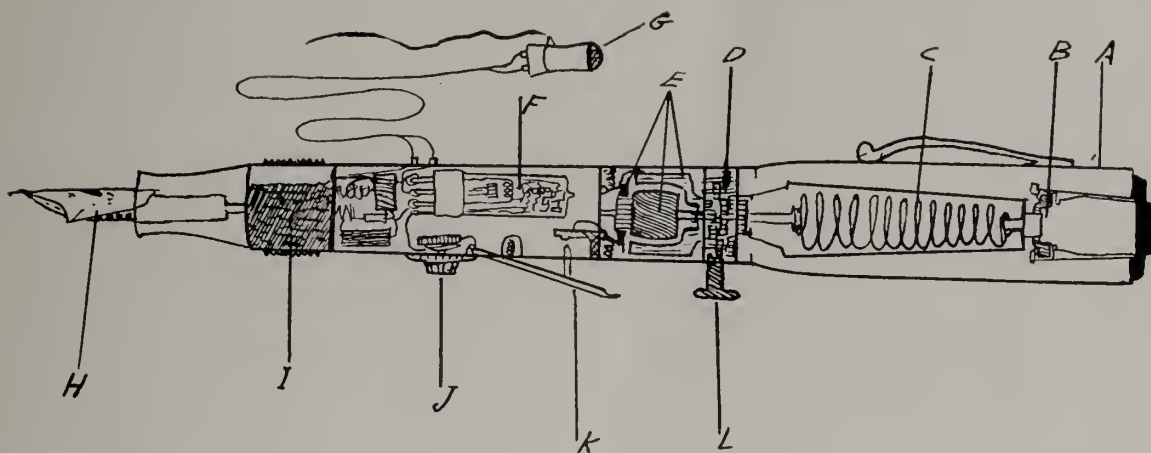
placed on the end of the barrel, it engages a small clutch (B). Before the test starts, the cap is twisted a few times in a clockwise direction. This winds up a powerful tapered coil spring (C). At the first hard question, a button (L) is pressed, which releases the spring, so that it can turn a tiny dynamo (E). A slow-speed train of gears (D) keeps the electricity flowing for about five minutes; if the current appears to weaken, another twist or so is given to the cap. What is ostensibly the filling lever (K) is actually a little telegraph key, which transmits impulses (in code) from the radio proper (F and paraphernalia) to a confederate of the operator's, who is either with his book hiding in the ventilator, or in a nearby study-room. He, with a similar apparatus, answers all questions, which are solved by the response coming through the *soft-speaker* (G) which is placed in the ear canal, out of sight. The volume of this is controlled by a microscopic dial (J). To the soft-speaker is attached a fine cable coming from the radio and also a string, so that it will not be lost in the aural orifice. The only disadvantage is that the pen itself must be loaded after each session, as the reservoir (I) holds only enough ink for one long test. It is filled by unscrewing the nib (H) and assembly, and pouring in the ink.

Observe now the second machine which I have devised. This, I have called the "goffleplutz", and to the hardy philologist (haul out the dictionaries!) who traces the Latin derivation of the name, I will donate a working model of the device. This machine differs from the others in

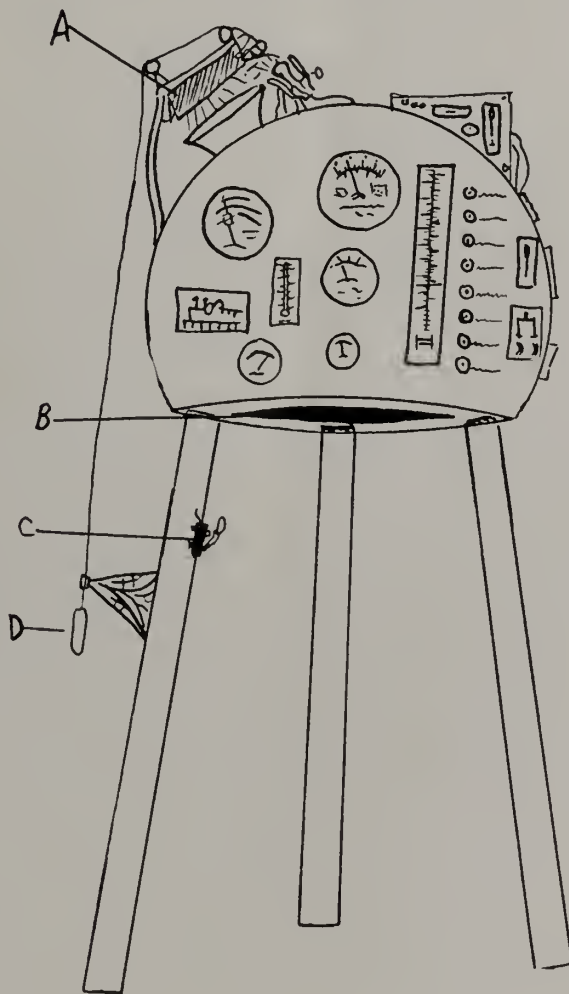
that, because of its bulk, it is emphatically stationary—not in the least portable. It is intended for those who desire even their own classmates to acclaim them as *genii* (plural of "genius").

When working correctly, it brands any printed or written matter on the brain of the subject, and this image remains for about twelve hours. This part of the invention weighs only a few ounces, but the two hundred pounds of the device is caused by a unique contraption, which limits this printed matter to a section of the brain used only for remembering, and prevents the rest of the goffleplutz from obliterating free thought. The goffleplutz resembles one of those elevated water tanks one always sees in the country, except that it is in miniature. The large, chrome-steel hemisphere is heavily encrusted with dials and switches, the operation of which is described in the manual accompanying each and every sale. It is held aloft by three steel legs. The student places the book, or paper, in the frame (A), takes a stand beneath the globe, and fits his head in the hollow beneath the machinery case (B). He throws a switch (C) which starts the action, and then works the page-turner-over (D). A strong light throws its rays upon the book, and the characters are received by a photo-electric cell. The impulses go through a very complicated system, until they are imprinted upon the memory of the student, who turns off the switch and goes to school whistling a happy tune, certain that he knows his lesson through and through.

Ralph W. Alman, '38



The Student's Friend



The Goffleplutz

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Feb. 3—Our up-and-going orator, Mr. Marson, harangued us on the "Register", as a special feature at the assembly. In response to his impassioned pleas, a lengthy story written on the back of a postage stamp was submitted to him by the R. R. R., and now he's stuck with it. Catch on? . . . The Literary Club heard White speak on the Pulitzer Prize plays.

Feb. 4—This week only at the Boston Uproar House in Room 303: "King Kong" Vartanian and "Crazy Mary" Riesman in their special dance ensemble entitled "Le Faux Pas." On the same program we have "the Harmony Triplets," (Woodman, spare that trio!) with laughs furnished by "Dex" Nichols. Come one, come all! . . . Rosenberg dazzled the Math. Club with a talk on "Permutations and Combinations." Our favorite combination is Swiss cheese and chopped ham on dark rye. . . . We were admonished against causing spheroids of congealed H₂O to take parabolic courses through the ether. We were also warned against throwing snowballs.

Feb. 5—We hereby set aside this day as a tribute to Mr. Benson's ever-present, effervescent humor. In recognition of his services to Latin School, we bequeath the following masterpiece to posterity: "He was going Scotch—letting the world go by." . . . Again, when one of his brighter pupils used the word "pediculous", Mr. B. sparkingly repartee-ed: "You must have scratched your head for that one." Mr. Benson promises us another one for the next humor issue.

Feb. 6—Moving pictures in the hall today, sponsored by the Photographic Society. "Oliver Twist" was the title; all of a sudden was our departure.

Feb. 7—At the Fourth Public Declamation, Abramson had us in tears with his rendition of that popular ballad "Casey at the Bat." "Old Faithful" Ober dispelled the gloom with his "Gusher". Oh, a wise-geyser, eh? . . . At the Safety Club meeting, a section of the traffic rules of 1896 was read: "No man shall proceed at a rate of not more than four miles per hour, and then he must be preceded by a man waving a red flag." Rather lax in those days.

Feb. 10—Regimentation invades the Latin School! In answer to the cry "Call out the militia!" a horde of ten thousand Latin School boys came thundering down the corridors and took their posts. But somebody saw them, and they had to put them back! . . . There's something about a soldier: in this case it's a howling mob of sixth-classmen, throwing chalk, erasers, paper, airplanes, and fits. Can you blame 'em? . . . Speaking of patrols (and we were speaking about patrols, weren't we?) Hite, Leventhal, and Cincotti have formed the B. L. S. 'Air Petrol, with Noonan as flight

commander. . . . While we're on the subject of close shaves, we almost attended the Debating Club meeting.

Feb. 11—At the Coin Club, Shannon announced—and he should know—that money may talk, but it never gives itself away.

Feb. 12—It was a frame-up. They dragged us out of our room, hauled us into the Library, and behind locked doors we were photographed for the rogues' gallery.

Feb. 13—This month's riddle for diaphoretic dysphoriacs (we assure you, we don't know what it means, either): What's the difference between a pterodactyl and a dirty shirt? Can't guess, eh? Well, that's one on you. Heh! Heh!

Feb. 14—For the first time since the "revenooers" told James Lovell to go to Halifax, when a notice came around and the usual mutterings of "no school" arose, the boys, to their astonishment, were right! Owing to the howling gale which threatened to topple the building, we were driven out into the blizzard at 1:00 o'clock. Hopping along Worthington Street from ice-cake to ice-cake, we finally reached the haven of Huntington Avenue, despite the yelping pack at our heels. They were all glad to get out, Eva as you and I. . . . We tripped the light fantastic at the mid-winter Prom. Heard on the floor: "You lucky girl! I wish I were in your shoes!" "I know you do, but please stop trying to get into them now!"

Feb. 17-22—Just to show you how verse-atile we are in our tastes, observe:

It very nice,

Be plenty sleep:

Vacation is

Most rapture week.

This gem was submitted by Dr. Osai Kan Usee, our Japanese poet.

Feb. 24—Belated Washington-Lincoln exercises: Wilkas and Cantor eulogized, MacMasters epitomized, the orchestra synchronized, and the audience sympathized.

Feb. 24—At the Physics Club, Turetzky spoke on "The Theory of the Reflecting Telescope." Incidentally, we don't want to cast any reflections, but a certain master of science has his own theories about Turetzky.

Feb. 26—Slides at the Latin Club meeting. The classic ball game between the Macedonian Green Sandals and the Spartan White Loin-Cloths was shown. Publius Kelli Tonsilitis was about to slide when the pitcher became entangled in his toga and fell asleep on the pila.

Feb. 27—Greenberg spoke on "Synthetic Division" at the Math. Club, and Mr. Lucey elucey-dated . . . and now comes this month's master-gram award, a Louis XIV model glass fly-swatter equipped with a chaise longue for the condemned flies. This priceless gift goes to Mr. Quinn for his statement that in the Civil War General Grant was aided by Commodore Foote's gunboats! Congratulations, Mr. Quinn; step right up and get your prize.

Feb. 30—No Debating Club. No assembly. No school. No Feb. 30.

Mar. 2—Strange interlude at the Literary Club. Doctor spoke on Eugene O'Neill. One more talk like that and another of God's chillun' will have wings. . . . Mr. Henderson assures us that the French word cimetiere, meaning "cemetery", has a grave accent.

Mar. 3—After reading Conan Doyle for awhile, our filler-inner, Riesman, quoth: "There's no police like Holmes."

Mar. 4—Those Class I individual photographs came back to haunt us

today, and were promptly plastered on the boards, to be viewed by one and all. Great pilgrimages are being made daily to the residences of the denizens of the underworld on the third floor. Richmond protests that his picture looks too much like him, and we are forced to agree.

Mar. 6—Magic demonstration was given today by one Bertram Adams, "a second Houdini." The climax of the show came when the professor sawed a woman in half. It looked to us like a case of double-dealing, until the damsel jumped up from opposite corners of the stage and chorused, "Come up and saw me some time!"

Mar. 9—Way says that Orion was probably the first Irishman, thus

proving that the pun is mightier than the sword. How do you get that way? . . . That famous laundryman, Thay Sid Warsh remarked rather humorously today: "So the deadline has been passed, hey? Well, now I can start writing." . . . As far as we're concerned, he can finish writing, too. . . . Quiz by Mr. Carroll: If there are three frogs on a log and one of them jumps off, how many are left? The answer, believe it or not, is one!

Mar. 10—At last the boys in the Senior Class have put their snapshots to a good advantage. Six of them have won prizes for the best, most original blottos. Several others have sent their negatives to the cartoonists and are awaiting developments. Awk! . . .

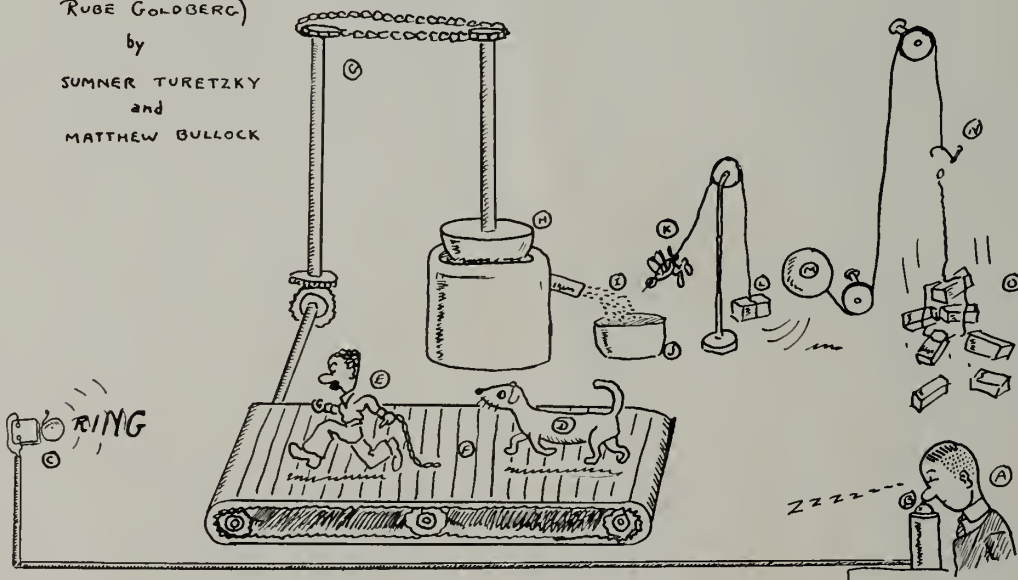
R. R. R.

HOW TO STAY AWAKE IN CLASS

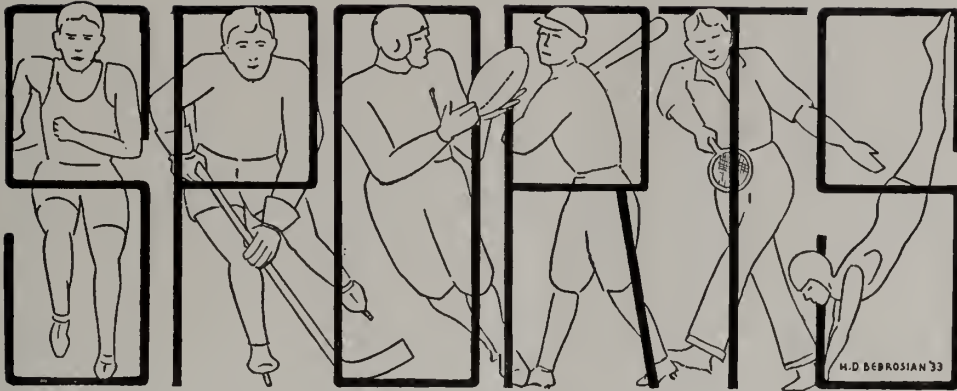
(APOLOGIES TO
RUBE GOLDBERG)

by

SUMNER TURETZKY
and
MATTHEW BULLOCK



STUDENT (A), FALLS ASLEEP, NOSE FALLS FORWARD ON BUTTON (B) THIS RINGS BELL (C). DOG (E) HEARS BELL, THINKS IT'S DINNER TIME, GETS UP, CHASES DWARF (F) WITH SAUSAGES THIS STARTS TREADMILL (G) WHICH, THROUGH GEARS AND CHAIN (H) STARTS GRIND MILL (I). THIS SENDS MEAL (J) INTO CONTAINER (K). DRAGON FLY (L) FLIES DOWN TO MEAL. THIS CAUSES ROPE TIED TO HIS TAIL TO LIFT BRICK (M) OFF BALLOON (N). BALLOON FLIES UPWARD. THIS CAUSES PULLEYS TO LIFT HOOK (O) THIS RELEASES BRICKS OVER STUDENT, (A). BRICKS FALL ON STUDENT'S HEAD, WAKING HIM UP. BY THIS TIME HE'S AWAKE ANYWAY, SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?



THE RELAY RACES

(As Seen by the Staff Poet)

At the Armory it happened
In the yearly Relay races.
'Twas the nineteenth of the month
(Ah, the month of February!),
When a flashing Medley foursome—
Namely, Finkelstein and Crowley,
Right with Koufman and with Martin
Led a Latin squad to triumph
With their copping of the first place.
So the two-lap team of Latin,
Ah yes, Rosenfield and Buckley,
Wallace and the fleet Fred Beyer,
Ran their race to land in third place.
And four other two-lap teamsters—
Namely, Alkon, Gross, and Meehan
Not to overlook O'Leary—
Took the third place in the C Class.
While the third place in the D Class
Likewise went to Messrs. Haley,
Radley, Jaquith, and O'Connell.
Higher would have been our total,
Had it not been that our Class A
One-lap team of flying tracksters
Met the English super-dreadnaughts
Leahy, Sullivan, and Ryan,
With their staunch companion,
Powers.

"Charley" Burns, our lead-off runner
With his fellows who flew fleetly,
Hutchinson and Davidson,
And their running-mate, Stokinger,
Finished, beautifully running,

Though they ended safe in fourth
place.

But alas for Class B one-lap,
For, by faulty baton-handling,
They were stuck in sixth position. . . .
But in all we did right fairly,
Showing great and good improve-
ment,
Though, of course, there's room a-
plenty
For more and more and more. . . .

A. C.

THE REGIMENTAL GAMES

(During the past month or so the Sports Department of the Register had a visitor in the person of Unele Si Cornflour, who hails from Green Cabbage, Maine. The editor presented his guest with a pair of tickets to the 29th Annual Regimental Games of the Boston Schools which were held at the East Armory, on Saturday the 7th of March, on the condition that he (Si) would write an account of the games for the Register. The following Monday morning a special delivery letter arrived from Green Cabbage, collect! It was Si's account of the games. Therefore, the Sports Department presents a baek woods aecount of the "Reggies.")

Green Cabbage, Maine.

March 9, 1936

Boston Latin School:

Many felicitations for yer passes to the merry-go-roun' which took place in yer taown last Sattiday. Sarah an' me had a ding-tootin' fine time. We gut in jist in time to see a pondrous (is it right?) bunch of young heifers running around a hall in their B.V.D.'s sort of gittin' them out of breath for their races. We took our seats beside a group of whippusnaps who did nothin' but holler fer a feller called Bless, rah rah, and throw peanut shells down my neck. Seems, tho, thet English High School was mis-named; should 'a' been called Mercury High. Ya know lookin' at them boys brought back the old taown down home. We got some pesky little critters that's always snoopin' 'roun', and ya cain't git rid of them. They ain't perlite; they're all'ays runnin' by th' other people—fer what, I don't know. Well, ya told me to keep my peepers on the varmints wearin' "LATIN" and ya can't fool me. I looked all over (ya know, I took Latin fer two weeks before I bought m' farm) and all I saw was fellers wearin' B.V.D.'s and letters on their chests. Later on, Sarah decoded LATIN on some fellers' shirts, so I guess they were the ones. Heh! Heh! clever deduction. Well, you were the only one to invite us down; so hang the other schools. I'll only say thet they were lucky thet the varmints wasn't any too good thet day. First thing any Latin whippersnapper counted in was the "600", when a greyhound, Joe somethin', maybe Finkelstine, ran like a scairt rabbit and tied with a furriner (all the others are furriners to me) fer first place. Then a smart-lookin' cuss hol-lered "1000" entries. Sarah asked me

where they was going to git a "1000" of anythin' into this packed house. Then a desperate lookin' character pointed a six-shooter skyways and Bang! went the gun. These fellers in the pants started ta run and Sarah fainted. Then all of a sudden a little runt named Beyer started to sneak under the legs of Hardcarmel, or somethin', and then like as if a cop was chasin' him, he ran an' won. Thet same slick feller bellowed out the boys who was serposed ta run in the finals of the "300". Off went the gun, and they started runnin' like a pack o' hounds chasin' a fox. It looked as tho an English boy was a-goin' ter win, but a good-lookin' feller from Latin, Crowley, crept up near the end and won by 'bout three feet. There wasn't much more adoin' other than a fella named Wallace atakin' second place in the "440". Well, young fella, just ta let ya know we git the papers up our way, Latin came in fourth with 19 points in all. Which ain't so awful bad but could be a dern sight better. I hope them Latin fellers git first next y'ar; they got the makin's."

J. M. Kean, '36

DRIPPINGS

Well, the track season is concluded and by the time this article reaches you, the baseball season will be under way. . . . The Purple didn't do badly at all. . . . Three track "champs" and one field man brought victory to Latin in their events. . . . Captain "Joe" Finklestein in the "600". . . . Fred Beyer in the "1000" "Joe" Crowley copped the B 300-yard run, and "Danny" Dacey broke the existing record in the B shotput. . . . "Ed" Martin, in the opinion of this column, is the uncrowned king of the Class C

sprinters. . . He was overlooked in a blanket finish. . . "Jake" Murphy has returned from Florida and is looking well. . . Another ex-Purple star has been honored at B. U. . . "Russ" Lynch was elected to lead the '37 Terrier sextet. . . John Powers '35 was a member of the Eagle quartet which won the freshmen medley relay at the Intercollegiate games held recently at New York. . . Among the candidates who answered the baseball call at University Heights were "Bud" Davis, Fred Roche, John Gavin, and "Bill" Anglin. . . Incidentally Paul Brabazon and "Specs" Kelly are out for the nine up at Mt. Saint James. . . "Bud" McLaughlin, former kingpin second-sacker of the Boston schoolboys, is a candidate for the "Frosh" outfit at Dartmouth. . . Candidates for the B. L. S. baseball team were met on Monday, March 9, by Coach Fitzgerald. . . Three English-game starters are back—Tully, Kean, and Keyes. . . "Doc" McVey, who was sent to the sidelines last year by a siege of illness, is the captain. . . Oh yes, Bull Belekewicz is doing nicely out at B. C. . . Something is missing on the top floor around 303. . . Yeah, you guessed it — Mitchell "Bill" has transferred to another seat of learning—Medford H. S. . . Among the members of the Harvard boxing team were two former Latinites, "Johnny" Brassil and "Tony" Tomasello. . . . Yes, the Senior Prom was successful; "Don" Hall and "Ducky" Lawler were present. . . The baseball schedule is nearing completion and will soon be put on sale by the Athletic Association. . . "Red" Tully, star first base-

man, has his eyes on an all-scholastic berth this season.; . . . At last the worm has turned. Freddy Beyer finally beat his nemesis in the 1000-yard run—Dutch Holland of Trade. . . Did you notice all the points ex-Latinites scored for other schools in the "Reggies"—33, to be exact. . . Just to mention a few: Greene of Brighton in the dash; Singleton of Memorial in the 300; Wexler of Memorial in the shot. All these boys took first place in their events, the difference between first and fourth places. . . Purple point-winners in Class D were conspicuous by their failure to register a single point. In the Andover meet, "Joe" Finklestein won the "600" with little difficulty. The next week at the State meet he was a close third behind Mascianica, who broke the record. Good luck, "Joe"; and we hope you take up in college where you left off here. . . . While few realize it, Latin has a potential state champion in Crowley, Sophomore 300-yarder, who placed fifth in the State meet, and this corner ventures to predict that Joe will show his heels to competitors for the next two years. . . The hockey team closed its season with "Jimmy" Dowd, Hunt, Clay, "Bill" Carr, and "Jack" O'Brien as standouts. While on the subject of hockey, there will, in all probability, be no need of an independent sextet next year, as hockey will be a recognized sport in Boston schools, according to reports emanating from the office of Mr. Joseph MacKenney, assistant physical director of the Boston schools.

J. M. Kean, '36

Jack Beatty, '37







The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. Next day the editor called him to his desk.

"Look here, what do you mean by this? 'Among the most beautiful girls was Horatio Lucian Dingley.' Why, you crazy idiot! Old Dingley isn't a girl—and besides, he's one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter, "that's where he was."

* * *

Professor: "All right, now I'm going to give you a sentence: 'Let the cow out of the yard.' What mood?"

Freshman: "The cow."

* * *

Then there was the test answer in reply to the question "Define a bolt and nut and explain the difference, if any."

And the student wrote:

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

* * *

"Mother dear," said Little Audrey, "would you mind getting up from that chair for a moment so that I can see if the kitty's still asleep?"

THEY FILLED IN THE BLANKS!

(Found among insurance reports to the British Medical Journal)

Mother died in infancy.

Father went to bed feeling well and next morning woke up dead.

Applicant has never been fatally ill.

Grandfather died from gun shot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

Mother's last illness was chronic rheumatism but she was cured before death.

* * *

Overheard at the Bureau of Naturalization:

"Where is Washington?"

"He's dead."

"I mean the Capital of the United States."

"Oh, they loaned it all to Europe."

"Do you promise to support the Constitution?"

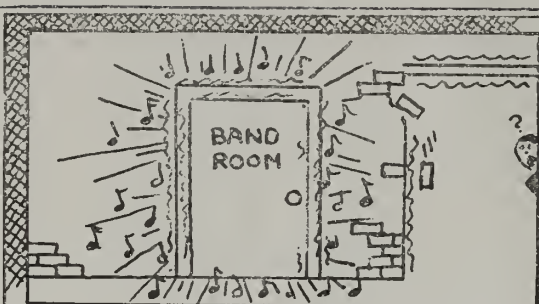
"Me? How can I? I've a wife and six children to support."

* * *

"That means fight where I come from!"

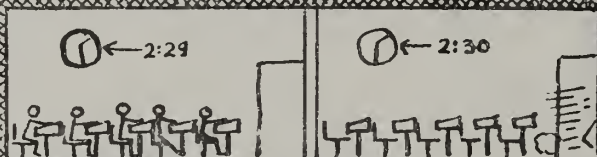
"Well, why don't you fight, then?"

"Cause I ain't where I come from!"

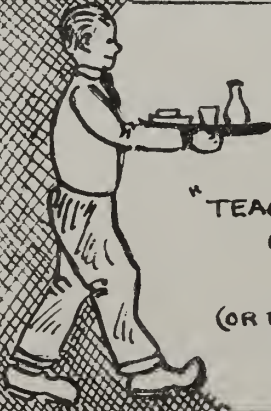


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"Gentlemen," said the jurist, "money is not all. Money will not mend a broken heart or reassemble the fragments of a dream. Money cannot brighten the hearth nor repair the shattered home." He paused, then concluded: "I refer, of course, to Confederate money."

—*"I Wish I'd Said That!"*

* * *

Gosh, but I'm overworked.

What are you doing?

Oh, this and that.

When?

Now and then.

Where?

Here and there.

You sure do need a vacation.

* * *

The strong man was on the local theatre stage. From his attendant he took a juicy lemon.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the strong man, "I promise to give one hundred dollars to any man that can squeeze another drop of juice from this lemon after I have gotten through squeezing it myself."

Thereupon the strong man squeezed. He squeezed and squeezed and squeezed. Finally, when the lemon

was a dry rind, six men from the audience came up to the stage. And they squeezed and squeezed and squeezed the lemon in turn, but not a drop was forthcoming.

Finally, a meek little man, about five feet one, stepped up to the stage and took the lemon. He squeezed the lemon, and immediately a glassful of juice issued forth.

"Tell me," said the strong man ruefully, "how did you manage to do that, after the six men had all failed?"

"Easy," said the little man, "I'm manager of a chain store."

* * *


"Ladies and gentlemen," said the toastmaster, "we have with us an unusual specimen. You have only to put a dinner in his mouth, and out comes a speech!"

The gentleman thus called upon wiped his lips with his napkin, arose briskly and said:

"Before I go on, I should first like to call your attention to our genial toastmaster, who is also unusual. You have only to put a speech in his mouth, and out comes your dinner!"

—*"I Wish I'd Said That!"*

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